



NICHOLAS II.

## WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The czar is a slim young man of the bourgeois type, resembling the average suburban official of England or Germany. His face is small, finely cut and pale. Only a sparse, light-brown beard makes it that weak face a shadow of masculinity—shadow, but no more. His hair is black and singularly smooth. His eyes are a chestnut-colored hazel, apparently unseeing and as obedient to the couch as a troop of trained soldiers under the eyes of their colonel. The nose is straight—just a nose, no more.

The czar's eyes are soft and unsteady. In Darmstadt, a small town easily managed by a couple of thousand of secret service men and Cossacks, they did not have quite the anxious look as in Vienna and Schoenbrunn, but at Mursstet, Tyrol, where Nicholas went hunting with the Austrian Emperor within a cord of 300 gendarmes, they mirrored an almost tranquil mind—sometimes. There were few human beings to frighten him. I saw the czar quite often in these places and noticed his disposition to wink. He winks at everybody he meets, except soldiers and servants, and the quiet pleading in his look is pathetic.

It seems to say: "You would not harm a well-intentioned man like me, would you?" Nicholas walks straight and is inclined to sway his hips.

He has pleasing manners, devoid of the detestable military air that lends his cousin of Germany the appearance of unreality.

The word "command" does not seem to be in his dictionary.

I said he bore himself well, but that applies to his torso only. His head is bent forward, as if he were walking toward a blinding sunlight or expected an attack upon his cranium.

A GREAT RULER, BUT IN FEAR OF A GREATER ONE.

I never saw the czar without a smile on his lips—the smile of a man intent on currying favor.

Favor with whom?

With everybody, for he fears everybody. "Did he not impress you as a great lord?" asked Princess Schenberg, wife of Archduke Francis Ferdinand. "Perhaps," but as a lord standing in

eternal fear of one bigger than himself. Nicholas is shy, quiet, but not taciturn. On the contrary, he is ever willing to say a kind word to and for the people.

But conversation with him is embarrassing, for the czar cannot talk readily. There is either an impediment in the flow of his thoughts or his words.

They say he writes better than he speaks.

As an Austrian Prince, who shall he name? Practically, speaking, "When Nicholas talks to you, you have the feeling that he wishes you far away—without reach of him, anyhow, though, at the same time, he is extremely polite and unselfish. He maintains a most affable demeanor."

"But even the shortest confab seems to fill him with nervous disquietude."

HIS HUNT WITH FRANCIS JOSEPH.

At Mursstet, I saw Nicholas and Francis Joseph, driving together, morning and evening, the old Emperor talking in animated fashion, his guest smiling and nodding pleasantly.

During dinner and at the nightly receptions, I heard him say a few words now and then, but it happened so rarely that all present stood aghast.

That, of course, only increased the little man's embarrassment.

The game-birds tell me that his Majesty does not hunt in "right royal fashion"—that is, he refuses to slaughter game driven before him by the help-

ers. He likes "stalking," because that mode of hunting insures him the solitude he craves. Some country folks who accidentally met Nicholas on the Alp—the people had been bidden to keep to their huts—say he looked at them at first like a frightened mountain sheep, but later recovered himself and offered an awkward greeting in German, a language he abominates.

An old mountaineer, who is commonly suspected of being an expert poacher also, characterized the difference between "his" Emperor, Francis Joseph, and that of all the Russians as follows: "Our Kaiser never fails nothing alive, but the czar never kills anything."

Charles Greenhall, of New York, who has stayed over after a visit of several weeks, especially for this event; also their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Frank. The ladies are invariably gowned with much taste. Mrs. Greenhall is a bride of the past summer and has worn numerous pretty costumes during her first visit home after her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gardner are all Horse Show devotees. The Misses Gardner may be confidently counted on to wear some stunning toilets and to make nightly appearances in their box.

Earl Robinson and Oliver Garrison have been quietly making preparation for several weeks with various tailors of this and other cities for the production of some especially fine and handsome Vesta Tulle coats in which they expect to appear on the promenade, and to create envy in the minds of other less fortunate young men. Both are extremely good-looking persons, with the necessary height and breadth of shoulder that tend toward a fitting display of such sartorial elegance.

Mrs. Goodman King, whose husband is always a box-holder, may be expected to wear some quiet-toned but very elegant costumes during the week. Her sisters, Miss Hopkins and Miss Lucille Hopkins, will also be the target of many opera glasses, by reason of their exquisite taste displayed in gowns and hats.

Mrs. Joseph Barada Widen, Mrs. George Willard Tensdale, whose hats are always effective and becoming, Mrs. Medford Johnson, Mrs. Thomas Edward Price, Mrs. F. A. Steer and her daughter, Mrs. John J. Raleigh, and Mrs. Jack Leachy will also be among the well-dressed women of the assembly.

Every few months Russia furnishes the world with stories of wholesale slaughter, recalling the times of Ivan the Terrible, and daily we read of czarist subjects that live either like saints or wild animals.

Nicholas Savaeva, who thrust his hand, that called to slay his country's enemy, into five coils that might suffer for missing its purpose—Mutilus was a great man, but not the czar, who is full of patriots of this stamp.

We do not know much about them, only occasionally we catch a glimpse of a nervous arm at the throat of the tyrant. Useless heroism, try name in Russia. UNAPPROPRIABLE SOLITUDE OF THE MAN.

And over all, patriots, slaves and sycophants sit the czar, enthroned in unapproachable solitude.

By a stroke of the pen one of his ancestors made himself, and descendants God's vicar on earth, and in this Twentieth Century the pretty young man introduced you to may treat the Princes of his Empire as German Barons chafed their peasants 300 years ago.

Ruler over life and death, the czar is a matter of course, but is also master of his subjects' property and faith.

He may confiscate the deposits of a savings bank, wipe out a newspaper and in the same breath abolish an established church, and no man who prefers the light of the sun to the atmosphere of a dungeon durst say the word: "Why?" "Why did you have my father murdered, and raise his assassin to state dignity?"

"Why do you permit your Cossacks to tear the backs of our wives and children with their knouts?"

As I watched the little man in cheap hunting togs at Mursstet, firing holes in the air, missing every aim set and appealing to the good will of passers-by, the incongruity, yet temporal, unassailability of the political systems of the day struck me with peculiar force.

This Emperor, who, on coming to Vienna, refused to drive from the Hofburg to the palace of Schoenbrunn between lines of soldiers, lost the trees on the road were first gnawed of fruit—a falling chestnut or apple might unnerve him—this young fellow who is more easily frightened than a half-bred puppy, need but open his lips to set the world ablaze in every hemisphere.

His influence for good, or bad, extends to the farthest corners of the earth, his every whim is anxiously considered in the imperial palaces and ministries of Berlin and Vienna, of Peking and London, of Rome and Tokio, and the President in the White House pays as much attention

to Nicholas as do the Rajahs and Moguls of India, while the fate of Constantinople and of the Christians of the Balkans trembles in the hollow of his hand.

ENVIED BY OTHER EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

Just think of it.

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And how his brother Kings envy this absolute sway, this antediluvian lordship. The power that revolutions, the scaffold, progress, changed times, blood and iron wrested from other crowned heads, the czar retains undivided.

As a matter of fact, he is the only real King in the world to-day. Yet, viewed as an individual, he is insignificant personified—the utter incomprehensibility of czarship begins.

Look at the life he is leading, with the world dancing attendance upon him. When his pet dogs or servants writhe in agony and die, after tasting the food intended for the imperial table, Nicholas must needs praise God for having once more saved him from assassination.

A banquet is to be held at the palace to-night.

The royal procession forms; the Emperor and his gentlemen in gorgeous uniform, medallions and sashes glistening on their chests; the Czarina, her ladies and friends commanding the mode for many months ahead by new creations in millinery they have donned.

And as the porter, in silver-laced livery, opens the door of the great hall where they are to sit, in blown into smithereens, while the man himself is torn into a hundred pieces, the faithful servant's blood and brain bespattering the Empress's very gowns.

Joys of imperial travel! Cossacks ahead and behind, Cossack lining the road on both sides; numberless officials and engineers, besides, who are responsible with their head for his Majesty's safety!

Suddenly, in the midst of the endless stretch of a week, a puff of white smoke, a tremendous crash, rails bent, locomotive without the tracks, cars climbing one upon the other!

The smiling chamberlain, who was just peeling an orange for the sovereign master, is thrown 30 feet; the nursemaid, the valets, the secretaries are dead.

The guards, who a second ago stood at attention, walter in their blood.

"Are you alive, Alex?" "Thank the Lord, yes, and I see you are unhurt. Nicholas and our children, too, are safe."

Another To Deum is sung, and the imperial family camps on the blood-stained field until a relief train is brought up.

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Like his fathers, who were murdered, and like those who murdered them, Nicholas is content to live in prison, to carry fear before him and to shake with fear himself.

His fear of what will come, and must come, is so great that it gave him a peculiar disease of the eye.

He sees everything double; the real person or thing reflected on his retina and the menace that may, or may not, lurk behind.

So has every noise two meanings for Nicholas, the actual and a hypothetical meaning, born out of his fear-ridden imagination.

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I am afraid this paleness was due to the apprehension that the living protective wall, surrounding him, may some day spring a gap, through which the fist shall thrust, that is, hammer at the outside.

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HELOISE COMTESSE D'ALEMONT. Vienna, October 18.

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This Emperor, who, on coming to Vienna, refused to drive from the Hofburg to the palace of Schoenbrunn between lines of soldiers, lost the trees on the road were first gnawed of fruit—a falling chestnut or apple might unnerve him—this young fellow who is more easily frightened than a half-bred puppy, need but open his lips to set the world ablaze in every hemisphere.

His influence for good, or bad, extends to the farthest corners of the earth, his every whim is anxiously considered in the imperial palaces and ministries of Berlin and Vienna, of Peking and London, of Rome and Tokio, and the President in the White House pays as much attention

to Nicholas as do the Rajahs and Moguls of India, while the fate of Constantinople and of the Christians of the Balkans trembles in the hollow of his hand.

ENVIED BY OTHER EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

Just think of it.

Here we have an every-day young man, such as walks the streets of German or British towns in scores—the Romanoffs, you know, are only a hundredth part Russian—whose "yes" or "no," whose faintest impulse is liable to change the face of the whole globe and send to the slaughter-house as many human beings as did Napoleon, Alexander, Caesar and Frederick the Great together.

And how his brother Kings envy this absolute sway, this antediluvian lordship. The power that revolutions, the scaffold, progress, changed times, blood and iron wrested from other crowned heads, the czar retains undivided.

As a matter of fact, he is the only real King in the world to-day. Yet, viewed as an individual, he is insignificant personified—the utter incomprehensibility of czarship begins.

Look at the life he is leading, with the world dancing attendance upon him. When his pet dogs or servants writhe in agony and die, after tasting the food intended for the imperial table, Nicholas must needs praise God for having once more saved him from assassination.

A banquet is to be held at the palace to-night.

The royal procession forms; the Emperor and his gentlemen in gorgeous uniform, medallions and sashes glistening on their chests; the Czarina, her ladies and friends commanding the mode for many months ahead by new creations in millinery they have donned.

And as the porter, in silver-laced livery, opens the door of the great hall where they are to sit, in blown into smithereens, while the man himself is torn into a hundred pieces, the faithful servant's blood and brain bespattering the Empress's very gowns.

Joys of imperial travel! Cossacks ahead and behind, Cossack lining the road on both sides; numberless officials and engineers, besides, who are responsible with their head for his Majesty's safety!

Suddenly, in the midst of the endless stretch of a week, a puff of white smoke, a tremendous crash, rails bent, locomotive without the tracks, cars climbing one upon the other!

The smiling chamberlain, who was just peeling an orange for the sovereign master, is thrown 30 feet; the nursemaid, the valets, the secretaries are dead.

The guards, who a second ago stood at attention, walter in their blood.

"Are you alive, Alex?" "Thank the Lord, yes, and I see you are unhurt. Nicholas and our children, too, are safe."

Another To Deum is sung, and the imperial family camps on the blood-stained field until a relief train is brought up.

FEAR SOMETIMES LEADS TO MURDER.

"The Turk is murdering Christians again; let us hear what Edward has to say about it."

The Adjutant who carries King Edward's dispatch enters quickly, according to orders, holding the portfolio with the envelope in his outstretched hand.

Nicholas, forever watching people's movements, mistakes the map for a weapon and fires.

The Adjutant is no more. But his wife and mother receive a "liberal" punishment. At another time this unhappy Majesty—always looking for assassins—blots out the life of a young ministerial secretary while the latter was about to doff his hat to him during a chance meeting on the staircase.

The czar imagined the poor young fellow wanted to hit him.

Driving in St. Petersburg. Where shall we go?

"We must not touch the avenue, for grandfather was assassinated there, and the neighborhood of Michaeloff Palace is to be avoided since Emperor Paul was strangled in the room the shutters of which are kept closed."

"Don't go to St. Isaac's Square; there the twenty gibbets for the czar's murderers were raised. No to Admiralty Square, where my father came near losing his life."

Wherever Nicholas goes the streets are swept clean of subjects, blinds are drawn, and it's death to allow a chimney sweep on the roof.

Nicholas is an intelligent man.

He reads, speaks and writes at least four languages; is genuinely interested in scientific problems; studies every new discovery; yet has a holy horror of the intelligent classes.

Asleep or awake, he surrounds himself with tens of thousands of hired protectors against the hundreds of millions whom he rules by fear only.

Russians pale when they speak or think

of the mighty czar, and the czar himself pales at the sight of every nonuniformed man or woman.

During the Moscow coronation festivities, in 1896, I heard Nicholas proclaim his love of peace and progress, but nothing has altered in Russia since then.

The throne is still occupied by a badly frightened little chap, and the hundreds of millions of Russian subjects are no more hopeful of liberty under Nicholas than they were under Paul and Alexander.

While the czar was shooting pheasants in Darmstadt, his representatives were hunting Jews at home, and by the time he got ready to kill mountain sheep at Mursstet, the Cossacks were driving the Armenians at the ends of their pikes.

HE MEANS WELL.

SAYS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"But he is a well-meaning man, has the best intentions in the world," says the Grand Duke of Hesse, his brother-in-law. I do not doubt his royal Highness; I accept the story of Princess Hohenberg who told me that the czar sometimes spends long days and nights in succession, crying with despair over his people's woes.

That only makes him the more of an enigma, that he has the will and the power and the moral support of the whole world, yet does nothing, absolutely nothing to better things.

Like his fathers, who were murdered, and like those who murdered them, Nicholas is content to live in prison, to carry fear before him and to shake with fear himself.

His fear of what will come, and must come, is so great that it gave him a peculiar disease of the eye.

He sees everything double; the real person or thing reflected on his retina and the menace that may, or may not, lurk behind.

So has every noise two meanings for Nicholas, the actual and a hypothetical meaning, born out of his fear-ridden imagination.

At Vienna and Schoenbrunn I noticed particularly that the czar's thin cheeks were pale.

I am afraid this paleness was due to the apprehension that the living protective wall, surrounding him, may some day spring a gap, through which the fist shall thrust, that is, hammer at the outside.

For the rest: An incomprehensible man is he, the czar, and his head is lowered in fright.

HELOISE COMTESSE D'ALEMONT. Vienna, October 18.

jects that live either like saints or wild animals.

Nicholas Savaeva, who thrust his hand, that called to slay his country's enemy, into five coils that might suffer for missing its purpose—Mutilus was a great man, but not the czar, who is full of patriots of this stamp.

We do not know much about them, only occasionally we catch a glimpse of a nervous arm at the throat of the tyrant. Useless heroism, try name in Russia. UNAPPROPRIABLE SOLITUDE OF THE MAN.

And over all, patriots, slaves and sycophants sit the czar, enthroned in unapproachable solitude.

By a stroke of the pen one of his ancestors made himself, and descendants God's vicar on earth, and in this Twentieth Century the pretty young man introduced you to may treat the Princes of his Empire as German Barons chafed their peasants 300 years ago.

Ruler over life and death, the czar is a matter of course, but is also master of his subjects' property and faith.

He may confiscate the deposits of a savings bank, wipe out a newspaper and in the same breath abolish an established church, and no man who prefers the light of the sun to the atmosphere of a dungeon durst say the word: "Why?" "Why did you have my father murdered, and raise his assassin to state dignity?"

"Why do you permit your Cossacks to tear the backs of our wives and children with their knouts?"

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